Better than Pornhub

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Better than Pornhub

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

“This motherfucker”, Jack muttered angrily and hit on the table with his fist in cold fury as he watched how Hannibal tossed back his head and buried his fist in the curly hair of the agent. “Lecter must have drugged Will and made him do....this.” He said to Alana with desperation in his voice.

Jack receives video footage from the murder husbands and is shocked. He refuses to acknowledge what has become of his former protégée despite the convincing evidence.

Notes

This fic was originally posted on Twitter first as a mere braincrack thread. Soon I noticed that it could be a one shot and I brought the tweets together and decided to post it here on AO3 :D

Sorry for the mistakes in the fic, if you discover some.

Hope you enjoy it nonetheless :)

See the end of the work for more notes

Jack Crawford drew closer to the screen of his laptop to get a better view on the content of the virus-checked email he had received this late afternoon. He immediately guessed it could only concern information or leads on Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham's fate as soon as he looked at the email address: *freddielounds@tattlecrime.com*

If there was a sharp-minded journalist he could trust, it was Freddie. But to his surprise, there was no precise information given in the email except for the short hint the video would be extremely interesting for special agent Zeller and Price. Therefore he called in both agents plus Alana Bloom to analyze the attached video together.

Alana, Jimmy, and Brian were currently looking over his shoulder. Everyone was excited and tense. The head of the BAU held his breath for some seconds when he clicked on the attached video and started to watch the beginning of the clip. The agent winced, gave out a little yell as the picture got sharper when the video had fully loaded and he immediately recognized the person he presumed to be held hostage.

What in God's name had happened to the man he knew called Will Graham? The special agent thought to himself. He was paralyzed by shock yet his heart started racing and adrenaline rushed through his veins when the ex- behavioral analyst with the wavy, brown hair, the blue-green eyes went down on his knees in front of Hannibal Lecter in the small, dark bleak room with the concrete walls which appeared to be a cellar. There was no furniture in it except for a cot where Will apparently had to sleep, he suspected, some chains, whips, spreader bars and other sex toys which caused Jack to swallow harshly and nearly fall off his chair, causing Alana to jump.

Of course the cannibal had chosen a setting which would not allow deductions on their whereabouts. Jack flinched once more and his mouth opened and closed again as the camera shifted down to Will Will's body. He was completely naked, wearing a leather collar and as if that was not enough, the following words had been cut with a scalpel into his back: *"I love Hannibal."*

"What the...", he exhaled, gritted his teeth and his breathing quickened. The agent was experienced enough to see where this was going. It was psychological torture to show him the killer had the power over his best agent.This was humiliation at its finest. Sex was always about display of dominance.

Alana, who was not surprised unlike the head of the behavioural science, blushed, bit on her rosy lips and tried to keep her dignified posture up as long as she could. The analysts, however, failed to do so and started chuckling to themselves. Jack could not tear himself away from the screen and neither did the others. All of them had to witness how Hannibal's triumphant and smug face stared straight into the camera as Will Graham unbuckled his belt, opened the zipper of his slacks and pulled down his pants to expose his large, erect cock while Lecter petted his head and caressed his face. Jimmy and Brian stared eagerly at Lecter's engorged penis and a snort escaped the elder analyst's mouth.

"I've never seen it coming that we had to analyse a porn video with Will Graham one day", Jimmy joked, looking at Brian amusedly whose lips twitched, too, but both earned a nasty

silencing glare of Jack Crawford. “This motherfucker”, Jack muttered angrily and hit on the table with his fist in cold fury as he watched how Hannibal tossed back his head and buried his fist in the curly hair of the agent. “Lecter must have drugged Will and made him do....this.” He said to Alana with desperation in his voice. “Poor Will, we have to find out where he is. We have to save him from this monster , damn it! ” His voice boomed in the small office and everyone winced at the loud curse.“What do you think, Alana?” Jack turned around to face her. “Lecter has manipulated him into this, right? ”

Alana shrugged her shoulders. “Maybe it’s the Stockholm Syndrome , Jack, but..” Alana hesitated and fell silent as she continued to watch reluctantly how Will sucked, licked and gently nibbled at Hannibal Lecter’s testicles and penis in turn with a pleased and somewhat tender, loving look on his face. She shook her head. "But?" Jack asked her and frowned. “It’s more than obvious that Will only does this because he sees no other way. Or Lecter gave him an aphrodisiac or whatever sick drug there is and brainwashed him .” Jack suggested in desperation. He walked away from the computer, feeling nauseous from the pictures of Will giving the cannibal a blow job, fingering him and the wanton sounds escaping Hannibal’s mouth. Alana followed him.

She let out a frustrated sigh and crossed her arms on her chest. Her cane fell to the floor. She grew impatient with Jack’s stubborn demeanour. “No, Jack. It is not obvious. You should at least consider that both are in love with each other and Will went with him because he wanted to.” Jack had to laugh bitterly. “What kind of love is that supposed to be? Lecter is a sick psychopath and psychopaths aren’t capable of love. ” He shook his head. “ Will is still officially married to Molly. I don’t believe any of it, Alana.” The psychiatrist rolled her eyes. “No, he isn’t, Jack.” Alana answered. “He and Molly filed for divorced a while ago, after the attack of Dolarhyde.” His jaw dropped. “You think that Will has left Molly for Hannibal?” She nodded. “Seems very likely to me. He blinked and contemplated this thought. “But still..”

”And Hannibal was never a sexual sadist”, Alana added, her lips twitching at the thought of having slept with him. “He never abused his victims.”

Jack snorted. “What if he has found pleasure in it now?” He remarked in an booming voice. He rubbed his eyes. “Will is just a toy for him...they can’t be in love.”

“Jack, you should at least consider it. Don’t be so stubborn. We have been blind to Will’s feelings towards Hannibal long enough ” She paused, picking up her cane from the floor. “You should know him better after the incident with Dolarhyde. He never gave us a sign he would come back to us. Let him go.” Her face softened. “It’s better for your mental health.” Jack took a deep breath before he started talking again. “Alana, listen. He’s my responsibility. I put him into the path of that crazy son of a bitch...” In their rage they completely forgot about Jimmy and Brian who wanted to carefully comment on the fact that the video had an expiration date and could neither be reconstructed nor traced back.

While both kept discussing Will’s allegiance and behaviour and stood at the other side of the room,, Brian and Jimmy could not take their eyes off the video. They were fascinated,bewildered but also amused at the daring nerve of them to send the FBI a provoking sex clip. "Oh damn", Brian murmured, gave out a low whistle and hastily lowered

the volume when the melodic, high-pitched moans and sex noises grew louder. They were coming out of the mouth of Will this time who was now stripped naked and lying on his belly on the shoddy mattress on the cot in the room. His back and ass were exposed to the camera. The agent's arms and legs were restrained by long, silver metal chains that were fixed on both sides of the walls. Will's face looked relaxed and happy though and he did not seem to suffer. If Brian was honest with himself, he looked ecstatic and euphoric. Next they heard Hannibal murmuring "Good boy..you're doing so well."

The scientists exchanged dubious looks at hearing this praise and seeing him chained up. Jimmy giggled. "I never thought that Will was actually into such kinky stuff." The elder analyst stated drily and raised his eyebrows. "Silent waters run deep, I guess." Their mouths hung wide open as they witnessed how Hannibal, who had removed and tossed his black shirt to the floor, straddled his legs, pulled Will closer to his groin and started to fuck into him, standing at the end of the bed. He occasionally glanced with a devilish and triumphant expression in his dark eyes into the camera. The former agent groaned and whimpered beneath him as Hannibal intensified his thrusts, arched his head back and started twitching as the orgasm overwhelmed him.

"That body,though", Brian murmured quietly to himself as he admired the lean and muscular physique of Will from the different camera angles. "Lecter, you bastard. You don't deserve him. " He gripped the edge of the desk with his hand and his knuckles turned white as he tightened his grip too harshly. This man should have been his. He would have been able to steer Will away from all the crazy psychos if he had had the courage to tell him some years ago. Why, Graham, why? Brian sighed inwardly.

"You owe me, Brian", Jimmy suddenly said out loudly in his merry voice , tearing his colleague out of his wanton thoughts. He poked the scientist and grinned indecently as if he could read his mind. "What?" Brian was confused and slightly irritated "Remember the bet? You owe me twenty dollars. I always knew there was some kind of sexual tension between those two." Brian rolled his eyes but drew his wallet out of his pocket. "Fine", Brian replied, thrusting the money into his hand.

When they heard the sound of a hand slapping on bare skin and a growl, they turned their heads back to the video. "This is better than pornhub", Brian admitted openly as the sex video continued. His cock twitched in his jeans at watching Will getting laid and slapped by Hannibal Lecter yet felt a slight pang of jealousy in his chest. Jimmy had to suppress a snort to not draw Jack's attention. "I'm learning new things about you every day, Brian." Jimmy said, raising his eyebrows and giving him a teasing stare. Brian merely pursed his lips. "I didn't know you actually had a crush on Will Graham and that watching cannibal serial killers fuck would get you off." "Easy there, buddy." Brian answered sulkily, giving him a dark look but unfortunately his partner was right. At least with regard to Will Graham. Some time ago he really had been in love with the attractive special agent and he found himself regretting that Will had married Molly Foster when he got the invitation to their wedding. His heart made a small leap,too. Maybe there was hope after all if the agent should come back and Lecter was behind bars again.He would convince him to snap out of his delusion and confess his feelings to him..

Jimmy disrupted his train of thoughts again to tease him. He knew no mercy. “It’s a shame you can’t download the video on a USB stick.” His partner remarked with a wide grin on his face. The material is very professional, if you ask me. What a shame. I’m impressed that they used a 4K camera and a tripod. Wait, they must have used at least two....They could be the pioneers of a new genre of porn, don’t you think? Serial killer porn. Would be a great new niche for the porn industry.”

Brian just snorted out loudly while Jimmy droned on but he smiled. “And the length of Lecter’s dick, just wow. Graham must have his fun for sure.” He paused, watching how Hannibal changed positions with Will who appeared to be utterly defeated. They listened to Hannibal’s taunting comments while he still kept going. “..His stamina is amazing. Or did they cut the video? I don’t know but if you were inside him, you’d surely have cum within a minute..“ He grinned again. “Shut up, Jimmy. We need to do some work now.” Brian hissed, ultimately having enough of his partner’s sneering comments. He boxed him with his elbows, causing the elder agent to loudly exclaim “Ouch”, which drew the attention of their superior who did not seem to be in the best mood.

“Oy! Zeller, Price! “Jack called, walking back towards his office desk as he had finished his fruitless quarrel with Alana. The agents flinched and quickly turned around to face their boss. “Have you found out anything?” Jack asked, throwing a stern stare at them. “Is it traceable? Anything useful that could give us the whereabouts of Lecter and Will?

Both agents quickly regained their professional composure and pretended as if they had done a thorough analysis though it was hard for them to hide their embarrassment and guilt from being distracted. “I’m afraid, Dr Bloom is right in her assumption”, Brian answered in a shaky voice, trying to maintain his composure as well as possible and not show signs of amusement or laughter in front of Jack. “It doesn’t seem that Lecter forced or manipulated him. No signs of being drugged or intimated.” He coughed to stop himself from bursting out laughing despite his inner turmoil. The situation was just absurd and Crawford’s aghast and stony face was priceless. Jimmy bit on his lip and looked away from his colleague and instead fixed the desk with this eyes. “And no, there’s no hint on their current location. They were using a VPN client and hid their IP address.”

Jack was fuming with anger and the agents waited for him to explode like a ticking bomb. The vein on his forehead started bulging.His cheeks flushed red and he grabbed the glass on his table, ready to break it anytime. Alana smirked in triumph though disappointment was visible on her face as her fear was confirmed that Will eloped on his own account. She knew what was coming for her eventually.

“The video can’t be traced in time.” Zeller added, struggling to keep a serious face.”It automatically deletes itself when the time’s up or you have watched it from beginning to end. You can’t save it on your computer. It’s impossible to create an image of the file for us. I’m sorry.” Jack scowled, took a deep breath before he dared to look at the rest of the footage and instantly regretted it. His eyes widened at the sight of a debauched, naked and exhausted Will who was covered in red marks and bruises. The latter glanced up at Hannibal, muttered something like “Thank you, Sir” before Hannibal bowed down and gave him a fiery, passionate kiss, drawing blood from Will’s bottom lips.

”Given the spicy content I wouldn’t have recommended to show the whole tech department material of Graham getting railed by Lecter either way ”, Zeller added, trying to calm his superior down and distract from their failures to create an image of the video.

The last minute of the video showed Will nibbling at Hannibal’s earlobes, biting in his neck, leaving suck marks on his shoulder, before he positioned himself with his naked and sweaty upper body behind Hannibal. He hugged him from behind and stared into the camera with a twisted smile on his lips. Hannibal adjusted the camera with his hands until only the upper part of their splendid, athletic bodies were visible and the lens of the camera focussed on their faces.

The bangs of Hannibal’s ash blonde hair fell into his face and Will tugged them gently behind his ear with a warm look on his face. “Hello Jack”, Hannibal started in his calm and raspy voice. A smug expression graced his face. “I just wanted to tell you that Will is in the best hands, alive and well. ”

Hannibal halted and gave his partner a short and chaste kiss on the scarred cheek. “Will has made remarkable progress in therapy.” The cannibal paused once more as Will reciprocated his soft and gentle kiss and pressed his lips against his, rendering him unable to speak for a moment.

Jack rolled his eyes, buried his face into his hands but the agents smirked and giggled. Alana’s face was unreadable. She frowned. Jimmy could not suppress a sardonic and admiring “How adorable ”, but was silenced by another hit of Brian’s elbows once more.

“I have found a new effective way of treatment for him as you could surely gather from the clip.”

Will chuckled.

”Oh yes, his new method is amazing”, he purred and caressed Hannibal’s chest with his hands. “No more nightmares, Jack.”

Jack looked as if lighting had struck him. “Congratulations, Graham”, he murmured sarcastically.

“When the opportunity arises, Will and I would like you to invite you for dinner to show how relaxed and happy he is now that he doesn’t have to work for the FBI anymore.”

“You’ll be our guest of honour.” Will added in his soft baritone voice.

“Until then..happy hunting! Goodbye, Jack!”Hannibal concluded and turned his head to kiss the former FBI agent again who muttered in his seducing voice : "Doctor, I need another therapy session. Indulge me..” The picture faded away. Before Jack could do anything, the video vanished from the screen and all was left was the email without the attachment.

The silence that spread out in the room was dense and full of tension. Jack did not listen to the babbling of the agents anymore about the use of VPN clients, the nice greeting from the

murder husbands and their discussion about whether Freddie Lounds had sent the message or was hijacked.

Instead he drained a whole glass of whiskey to cope with the newest revelation. Alana who felt that nothing more could be done, put a hand on his shoulder, said her goodbye and left the office as fast as she could. For some minutes he sat on his chair contemplating on the discussion and the footage before he finally admitted the truth to himself. He tore himself from his trance and looked sternly at Jimmy and Brian chattering loudly.

“Next time you better do your job properly instead of consuming serial killer porn on duty or you’ll be fired”, Jack snapped at the agents to vent out his anger. With a dismissive gesture of his hands and a yelled "Out, the both of you”, he told them to leave which they did with the greatest relief. “Seriously, Brian, you should have come out a lot earlier”, Jimmy said casually, ignoring Jack’s anger as always, as they left the office together. “I could have arranged a date..”

The special agent, meanwhile, turned off the laptop and the lights, slammed the door shut behind him. Heading home, he swore to himself that Graham and Lecter would get the needle or die another painful death as soon as he caught them. Alana was right. He should not care about Will’s wellbeing any longer. Especially after the atrocious video where he had willingly taken part in. Jack wished he had never taken Will Graham out of the classroom some years ago and preserved his innocence.

End Notes

Thanks for reading ❤️

I might add another alternative chapter with Dom Will and Sub Hannibal in the video :D

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!